

Volume 24 Issue 5
April 15, 2005



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Guess how many covers are in the bottle and win a prize!!!
Winner may also keep the bottle and all the covers inside.
Prize is not olive oil.



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omen

to submit

Volume 24, issue 5
April 15, 2005

layout & editing

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might have a wee-wee
doesn't own a cock
loads his pipe with blow
fired his surgeon-general

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by diskette (Mac or IBM), and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Abby Ohlheiser, Merrill C202, x4566. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to awo03@hampshire.edu

And be sure to read our policy
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Abby Ohlheiser
Back Cover by:
Das Omen Staff-
personen



Aaron Buchsbaum

There's no reason to get
upset over the dissimilarities
between a kidney and a vagina

To the Bride and Groom and Groom

Editorial

If you could all stop what you're doing at the moment and let me have a smidgeon of your time, I promise I won't abuse your courtesy, much. I don't want to do a lot of talking tonight, but I have a couple important things to say. I'd like to propose a toast to the happily married Ralph and Manfred and Hampshire College.

I have known Hampshire College for two years now, and only recently had the pleasure of meeting Ralph and Manfred, but I feel close to them just the same. A friend of Hampshire's is a friend of mine, and a spouse of Hampshire's is a sp... oh I'm kidding!

Marriage is a wonderful, tradition-rich, age-old institution. What form of union, I ask you, better fits the start of the journey that Ralph and Manfred and Hampshire are beginning today? Marriage's ceremony and eternal bond are sacred and awesome; the door opened in its holy presence is filled with the light of all that is good and not one person in this room was left untouched by the ceremony. I too shed a tear as the father passed his daughter to the husbands to be. We have left the glow of the sacred site of the bonding, but our hearts are all filled with a modicum of the joy our newlyweds must be feeling right now... after all, as soon as I finish talking, they're one step closer to the honeymoon!

And after the honeymoon, your journey will truly begin. Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success. In the words of Antoine de

Saint-Exupery, "Love does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction." Hand in hand in hand, gazing out to the future, you will encounter many hardships. But if there are any three people I know who can overcome those hardships with calmness, intelligence, and a sense of humor, it is the three sitting at the place of honor right now. And they'll need their sense of humor. Those in this room who are already married can tell you all about what a bitch it is! Tell me, have you decided who will do the cooking? It's ok, you can survive on the leftovers from the lovely reception buffet for months! Did you all try the Lobster Newberg? De-lish!

I can see the father and mother-in-law have fallen asleep, which means it's time to start telling dirty jokes! Oh, now you're awake, ha ha. I guess it's time to wrap this up. The important thing is that you three are very special, and this union is very special. Everybody here can wish nothing but the best for your future. I was trying to find a good phrase to end this little toast, and found one I really liked. I don't know who said it, but I can't possibly pass it off as something that this little lump of wrinkly grey flesh could have thunk up. So, in conclusion: Look down you gods, and on this union drop a blessed crown! And now, drink to the newly betrothed, Ralph and Manfred and Hampshire College!



policy

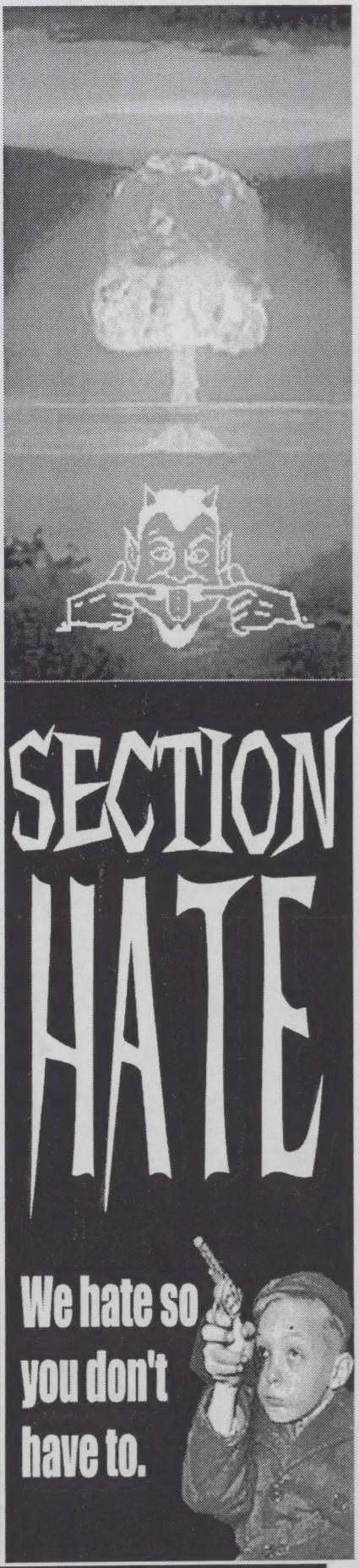
(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Bridge Cafe at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



The *Omen* will not edit anything you write



SECTION HATE



YOU'RE DRUNK. NO ONE CARES.

If you want to go get drunk, I don't really care – as long as you don't harm others in the process. I would prefer if you didn't harm yourself too, but hey, that's up to you. What I can't stand though is when someone gets drunk and then won't shut the hell up about it. No one else is broadcasting their current condition, and really, no one gives a shit about yours. You may be drinking some fermented barley, but the universe did not suddenly shift and revolve around you.

This situation was exasperated a few weeks ago on Easter Sunday, the Sunday of the Keg Hunt. I couldn't keep track of how many times I heard something about someone being drunk – usually by one shit-faced fool yelling it to an equally inebriated 'pal'. The conversations were almost always as follows:

Plastered Pete enters stage from left, Hammered Harry from right. They notice one another and wave.

Pete: Oh man! Harry! I'm so drunk right now!

Harry: Haha! Really Pete? I'm so drunk too!

Pete & Harry: Hahahaha!

*Plastered Pete and Hammered Harry join together at center stage and walk off stage left.**

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblances to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

Guess what Pete and Harry,

I don't give a shit. These people don't seem to realize that no one cares how drunk they are. It's true, all the people around you are laughing. However, they are not laughing with you because they genuinely think you are funny; they are laughing at you because you are a stupid douche yelling about how you are drunk across the campus.

You would hope that after coming to their senses once again, these people would keep their drunken antics to themselves, quietly ashamed. But even when perfectly sober, they think those around them have some interest in how they were so drunk.

If someone starts one more sentence with "Oh man," or "Dude," followed by "you wouldn't believe what happened," and ending with something like "I was so drunk [insert random time here]," I swear I am going to stab them in the kneecaps. Why can't there be more quiet drunks? At least those smoking don't yell across the quad about being high and start every conversation Saturday morning about being high last night – I'll give them that much.

So my request to those getting trashed on the Hampshire campus: just please be quiet about it. Have all the fun you want, just don't feel the need to share it with everyone. Most of us don't care how drunk you are/were. And if you can't control yourself – well, watch your kneecaps.

*Man, I should write some plays. This is some great stuff.



by: Michael Petersen

George W. Bush I know, it's completely fucking predictable, but no shitlist is complete without this illiterate plutocratic redneck cokehead motherfucker. Plus, he said something in particular that really pissed me the fuck off and I haven't had a chance to bitch about it as of yet because I have been using my article space to serialize Antediluvian Fuckage. A couple months ago there were some tapes released of Bush in which he admits to using marijuana and tellingly dodges the cocaine question. When asked why he wasn't candid about his marijuana usage, Bush stated that he "wouldn't answer the marijuana question ... 'cause I don't want some little kid doing what I tried" and "Do you want your little kid to say, 'Hey daddy, President Bush tried marijuana, I think I will?'" He also addressed the allegations of cocaine usage, saying that, "Rather than saying no ... I think it's time for someone to draw the line and look people in the eye and say, you know, I'm not going to participate in ugly rumors about me and blame my opponent, and hold the line. Stand up for a system that will not allow this kind of crap to go on." (Of course, participating in ugly rumors about John McCain's alleged black "love child" during the South Carolina primary in order to pander to the racist vote was A-OK.) This is all old hat, as everyone with a functioning cerebrum knows that our "moral, God-fearing, Christian" president spent his young adulthood higher than a motherfucking kite. However, even a jaded cynic like me cannot help but be struck at the

SPRING SHITLIST 2005

utter chutzpah of Bush's ridiculous excuse-making. First of all, assuming Bush is actually sincere, hiding your drug usage is something that is extremely damaging to a relationship and doesn't send any type of moral message at all. However, Bush's cheap concern about "the children" (excepting those on welfare or starving in another country, of course; they got what they deserve) is purely instrumental, simply another barefaced political maneuver aimed at preserving his sorry ass in the political arena. And, of course, Americans, being the gullible, unquestioning cunts that we are, simply glaze over this item, too worried about the next episode of American Idol, to give a damn about the inherent hypocrisy of someone with a confessed and unrepentant history of drug use using the power of the state to incarcerate others who possess the same proclivities, but lack the same privileges.

Anyone and Everyone Involved in This Bullshit "Save Terri" Fiasco

For those of my readers who might be unaware of what is happening in the world today, let me provide you with a refresher. The second worst school shooting in American history just occurred. Scores of people are being killed in Iraq. There is full-scale ethnic cleansing occurring in the Sudan, with the Western nations sitting on their hands doing nothing about it. Thousands of people in Africa are dying of AIDS every day. Tens of thousands of children are dying every day from starvation, disease, and malnourishment around the world. So what is the main story

going around the American media? Some brain-dead vegetable and her nutjob pro-life fundie parents. Everything but her brain stem has been destroyed and she has no hope of ever recovering and living a normal human life again. The only thing that could've been done is to prolong her vegetative state until she dies, though apparently Jeebus will somehow wave his magic wand and grow her a new brain. I wish he'd work that trick for her dumbfuck parents. I enjoy how Congress and the President can't seem to get anything substantive done about the deficit or health care for the uninsured, but they are willing to drop everything for this bullshit. People starve to death and die of preventable diseases every day throughout the world and nobody gives a shit, yet when some white woman's brains turn into mush and it is decided that it is best to pull the plug on her and let her die with dignity, we have to be saturated with 24 hours of bullshit pro-life propaganda courtesy of the "liberal" media. Liberal media, my ass! The anti-war movement didn't get a fraction of the positive coverage that these right-wing wackos are currently getting. I'm surprised one of the anchormen hasn't offered to give Randall Terry a blowjob yet. Just fucking ridiculous. And as much I hold the American populace in contempt for their overwhelming stupidity and ignorance, even they weren't dumb enough to swallow this grade-Z bullshit media concoction, rightly believing that no one in their right mind would want to go being a living vegetable and that the whole thing was none of the

government's fucking business by an overwhelming 70 to 30 percent majority. Even a plurality of self-described evangelicals believed that the tube should be removed. Case fucking closed. And, yes, I'll be described as being heartless, hateful and mean-spirited, but when I finally read that the bitch had gone under, I couldn't help but smile. The first good news on the political front in a long fucking time. My only regret is that she died due to dehydration instead of having her hospital bed doused with gasoline, lit on fire, and wheeled into the crowd of protestors. (Admittedly lifted from a forum posting, but well worth lifting.) These people cried over the 'death' of a single person who had died long ago, yet can't muster a single tear over the thousands of people who have died as a result of our policies in Iraq, which they no doubt support. Fuck them.

Jerry Falwell

This wretched pig could well reside on my shitlist anytime of the year, but he has done something to especially piss me off as of late. For once in his life, I thought that Falwell has about to perform his one and only service to humanity, but then the bastard weaseled out of it. I am, of course, referring to his recent hospitalization with viral pneumonia and my false hope that this hateful fucker would finally croak. Unfortunately, however, the sonofabitch pulled through, leaving me to hope that somewhere out there is an individual with no moral compunctions about homicide who is willing to attempt to succeed where pneumonia failed. (And take out that bastard Pat Robertson, too, while he/she is at it.)

Barry Bonds

Perhaps not carrying as much importance as the other people on this list, but I watch ESPN and

am constantly bombarded with the image of this spoiled, simpering cunt. His latest stunt was a pathetic press conference in which he paraded his son around and whined about how "the media was out to get him and his family." This, of course, being the same media that collectively vies for the opportunity to suck his cock at every possible moment. Everyone in the sporting world knows that Barry Bonds is more chemically-enhanced than my laundry detergent, yet the sports media continues to trumpet his historic "accomplishments" and generally wash his balls for him. Suffice to say, the conference was the worst acting job I've seen since Ben Affleck's last turkey. Bonds was so eager to parade his son around and blame the evil media, but I wonder how Bonds broke it to his son that he was fucking around with another woman? Were they introduced to one another by a sports journalist? Of course, now it's Bonds 24-7, and the sports public is treated to everything from Barry's possible retirement to his latest bowel movement. Who gives a fuck? The guy is a fucking fake, anyway.

Stupid Fucking Creationists, Especially That Fuckhead Rep. Dennis Baxley

Like genital herpes, creationism may go into remission at times, but it never seems to go away entirely. The latest lunacy from these idiots involves the pulling of an IMAX film about volcanoes in selected cinemas in the Bible Belt and a proposed "academic freedom bill" in Florida. Of course, unlike the creationists themselves, since this is (for now) a free country, I believe that people have the right to believe in whatever crazy bullshit they want, as long as they don't harm anyone else as a result. However, I draw the line when these

wackos demand that the rest of the world conform to their sick and twisted belief system. Let's start with the IMAX bullshit. IMAX has decided to pull a documentary on volcanoes because its references to the theory of evolution angered a focus group full of rednecks and know-nothing, ass-backward crackers. Typical responses included: "I really hate it when the theory of evolution is presented as fact" and "I don't agree with their presentation of human existence." Guess what, morons? The theory of evolution is as valid as the theory of gravity and if you can't deal with that fact, then go back home to the meth-ridden, booze-drenched trailer park from whence you were spawned. And fuck IMAX for caving in to their insipid bullshit. Cowards. However, I suppose that one could argue that educational films are wasted upon the willfully ignorant among us. That being said, the creationist fucks have been up to something even more vile in Florida, passing an "academic freedom" bill designed to stamp out academic freedom. One of the bill's provisions allows students to sue a professor who "ridicules students in class" by questioning their beliefs. Pressed to give an example of when a lawsuit would be appropriate, the bill's sponsor, Representative Dennis Baxley, said "Some professors say, 'Evolution is a fact. I don't want to hear about Intelligent Design (a creationist theory), and if you don't like it, there's the door.'" Hell, why don't we just open our chemistry classes to teaching the theory of alchemy? Or include the flat-earth model in college geology courses? Or teach our students that disease is caused by an imbalance in one's humors and should be treated by sucking the "bad blood" out of a patient in medical school? Appar-

ently, according to the Republican Party, you shouldn't be able to sue your doctor if he removes the wrong kidney, but if your biology professor tells you your kidney wasn't hand-made by Jeebus, you can sue his ass to the poorhouse. (Also paraphrased/stolen, but no less true as a result.)

Assholes in the Dining Commons (Again)

I will say that this semester has seen a decrease in the amount of shit that I've had to clear off the tables (although there is still too much). Of course, this probably was due less to my bitching and due more to the fact that half of the dining population has stopped coming to Saga. When I asked one of my friends

a b o u t this, he told me that there are lots of rich kids who stop coming to Saga because they don't like the food and can afford not to eat there. Thus, I'm not surprised to find an overlap between spoiled rich kids who've probably never worked a goddamn day in their lives and kids

who are too fucking lazy to pick up a tray and drop it off on their way out the door. However, there is one thing still pissing me off. Perhaps you guys haven't gotten the memo on this, but I do have a newsflash for you: THE DINING COMMONS ARE NOT A FUCKING CAMPUS CENTER! I personally don't give a shit what you do from 5:00 to 7:00 because the dining hall is open and you can chat however long you want with no consequence to me. However, it should be said that the main purpose of the dining commons is a place for students to eat. Thus, once 7:00 hits, you should either be eating or leaving. A couple weeks ago, when I was washing tables, I saw two people

playing fucking cards! What the fuck? Get the fuck out! You can play cards in your dorm room, in one of the living rooms, in the Airport Lounge, or anywhere else but here. I also see quite a few people who stick around 25 minutes after closing, sitting around and talking, despite the fact that they are clearly finished with their dinner. Get the fuck out! That's about as polite as I can be. Just get the fuck out. There's work to be done, believe it or not. At 7:15 the dining commons should be empty. Don't wait for the management to politely tell you to leave. Finish your meal and get the fuck out.



B I N G O				
Tube Removed	Florida judge orders tube in	Husband dies	Terri dies	Federal judge orders tube in
Governor Jeb whines	Larry King dies	Mother dies	Florida judge orders tube out	Tube put back in
Parents appear on Larry King	Terri appears on Larry King	WHO GIVES A SHIT?	President Bush whines	Slim Fast signs her up as sponsor
Father dies	The Pope whines	Husband appears on Larry King	Larry King gets married	Congress whines
Mary Kate Olsen dies	Terri marries Larry King	Tube is full of Folger's Crystals	Tube put in husband	Husband marries Larry King

ADMIRATION FOR VEGANS

Hmm... okay, let me see if I have this straight.

Vegans. Non-flesh eating, non-animal product eating vegans. Concerned with the exploitation of animals, and the constant depletion of resources on this, our fair planet. Also apparently pissed that people eat their food in SAGA, but that's a little off topic, as far as I'm concerned.

Wow, you vegans. You've got total self restraint. I mean, never to exploit an animal, that's gotta be hard. I think it would be difficult enough not to own leather shoes, or wool sweaters. But you guys, damn, what self restraint you must have. I can't imagine what my childhood years would have been like if I hadn't been able to use glue. And to never have yeast bread, god that must suck. Of course, biggest of all would be staying totally away from modern medicine. Let's just hope none of you ever get AIDS, or Alzheimer's, because I know you'd never think of touching any of the new experimental drugs, straight from the animal testing labs.

And just think of all the fun you must have missed. I mean, horse back riding, zoos, aquariums; they must all be strictly verboten. No using animals for labor, after all, or using them to explore our curiosity of the world. And I guess none of you are considering becoming Veterinarians, because, of course, you wouldn't want to be a large animal vet (helping those mas-

sive exploiters, the farmers) and you'd NEVER consider being a small animal vet. Pets are, after all, the biggest exploitation of animals around. Poor little creatures, penned up to fill our selfish desires of friendship, instead of being left to roam free.

Yeah, come to think of it, you must not buy a lot of clothing, either. I mean, we all know the majority of American clothing comes from sweatshops,

I can't imagine what my childhood years would have been like if I hadn't been able to use glue. And to never have yeast bread, god that must suck.

and what are sweatshops but exploiters of the human animal? But it's okay, I'm sure none of you have ever bought anything from Walmart, Kmart, Target, the Gap, Old Navy, Abercrombie, Hillfiger, Structure... well, never mind. I don't need the list, do I, because none of you have ever bought any of that stuff.

On top of that, you must never have bought any toys, sports equipment, or accessories that come with a label that says "made in Taiwan", right? Because all of those are made by human animals, some of them under the age of twelve. Good lord, I don't know how you

vegans do it, avoiding everything that ever exploited an animal.

Ohhh... and speaking of children, does it sadden you that you'll never have any? I mean, knowing how you feel about the depletion of resources human beings are forcing on the earth I am just assuming that you won't add to that burden by procreating. So I guess you're all going to be childless.

The upside of that would be that you could take a lot more vacations in your old age (what with all that extra money you'll have, not having any kids) except that I know you're all too conscientious to go anywhere. You wouldn't use gas or jet fuel on your own behalf. I mean, goodness, how much of our non-renewable fuel does it take to get a 747 to Europe and back?

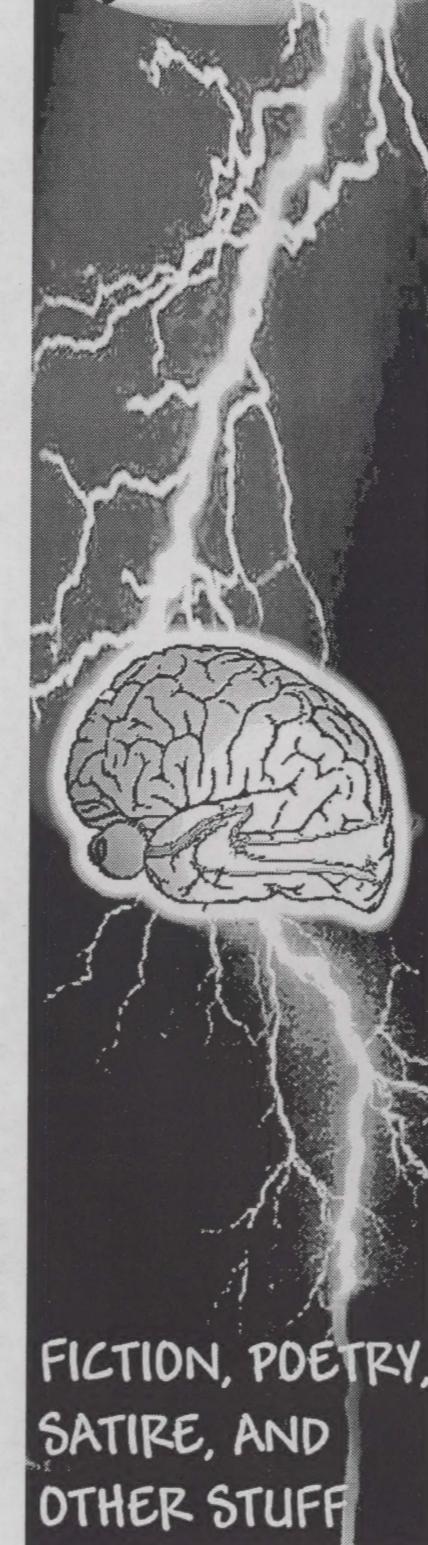
I bet none of you have cars, either.

I bet you don't use film, or plastic, or paper, or anything machined in a factory. I bet you don't use a computer, or a cell phone, or anything that runs off electricity. And I bet you all think I'm an asshole by now.

Actually, I'm not. I'm a fairly rational human being, and I can even respect vegans for having a belief and molding their lifestyle choices around it. But for fuck's sake, until you move to a hole in a ditch and live the rest of your life eating alfalfa sprouts and running around naked, stop with the hypocritical whining train.



SECTION LIES



AFTER THE END (PART 2)

Davis rummaged through the shelves, sweeping Accutane and Midol to the floor. The pharmacy was dark and dank, electric lighting and heating a distant memory for this town. He held a small penlight in his mouth as he pushed prescriptions aside, looking for insulin. A crash sounded from the back of the pharmacy, reverberating out of the shadows. Davis paused and swung the penlight in that direction, its small arc of light illuminating a dusty cluster of store stands and goods, strewn across the floor.

Why does everything get dirty and wrecked as soon as everyone dies? Davis thought.

He shrugged and continued searching. The weight of the sawed-off shotgun across his back comforted him, as did the pistol strapped to his hip. Another crash echoed out of the shadows. In one fluid motion, Davis turned, dropped to one knee, and drew his shotgun from the hostler across his back. He slowly shifted his head, the penlight clenched between his teeth emitting a beam of light that pierced the darkness.

"Hewwo..." Davis forced out through the penlight. He took hold of the penlight with his left hand, his right cradling the shotgun, and repeated his call.

"Hello... anyone there?" Davis yelled.

Another crash answered him. Davis readied his shotgun and stared into the darkness, trying to discern the shapes cloaked in shadows.

"Mister..." came a quiet voice out of the darkness.

"Come out," Davis answered, "I won't hurt you." Davis stood and slipped the shotgun back into the hostler across his back.

A small girl walked out of the shadows, wrapped in a coat much too long for her, and brandishing a pack slung across her shoulders. The girl walked to the edge of the light emitted from Davis's penlight, but would not come any farther.

"My name is Davis, who are you?"

"My name's Annette," the little girl answered.

"How old are you Annette?" Davis asked.

"I'm nine and a half years old," she said, standing up a bit straighter as she shared her age with Davis.

"What are you doing here?" Davis asked, his voice gentle.

The girl shrugged and looked down at her feet, hunching over once again. Davis began to question Annette further, but was disrupted when an engine roared from outside the pharmacy.

"Get down!" Davis said, flicking off his penlight and dashing behind a nearby stand. Annette fled to the other side of the store and dived behind some rubbish.

From his hiding place, Davis could hear men mumbling outside of the store. They mentioned an armored van, Davis's vehicle parked outside. A beam of light swung into the pharmacy, and Davis heard the sound of a number of feet on the linoleum floor. The footsteps spread across the store as the men fanned out and began to kick at boxes and stands. Something fell on the other side of the

continued from page 9
store, and the men rushed over away from Davis.

Stupid girl, Davis thought.

He heard Annette scream and the sounds of a scuffle. After a few moments the men laughed.

"It's been a while since I had a *real woman*," one man said. His comrades laughed in response and began teasing the girl. Davis crouched behind the stand, listening to Annette whimper and the men laugh. Annette cried out and the men laughed even louder.

"I get her first," one man said, and the others grumbled in response.

Ever so slowly Davis drew his shotgun from the sling and readied himself. He rose up over the stand and stretched out his arm, pointing the shotgun at one of the men.

He said, "Hey." The men turned in his direction.

The shotgun blast was painful to the ears in the confines of the store. It was even more painful to the flesh of the man who caught the entirety of the blast in his chest. The men before him scrambled, some running for the door, others for cover. Davis counted five before he lunged behind a shelving unit.

Return fire whined into the shelving units before Davis. He waited a few seconds, then rose up and stretched out the shotgun again. One of the men saw him and tried to duck out of the way. Davis triggered his shotgun and discharged a round into the man's upper torso. He fell to the ground and dropped his rifle. He did not rise.

One man lunged at Davis, coming at his face with a sharpened blade. Davis dropped his shotgun and deflected the blow. He shoved the man back and reached for the

pistol on his hip. The man dropped his knife and struggled with Davis for the firearm. They wrestled for the weapon, which soon skittered away out of their grasp under the shelving unit. Davis knocked the man over and reached for the knife on the ground. He fell upon the man and ended his life.

As Davis fought off the one man in close combat, the other men rushed out of the pharmacy, Annette with them. Davis quickly grabbed his shotgun fumbled for ammunition before he realized he was out. Outside the pharmacy the men quickly bound Annette to a motorbike and mounted their vehicles. They brought their engines to life and shot up the hill, away from the pharmacy.

Davis grabbed the dead man's rifle, the nearest weapon, and started up after the men. He sprinted up the street, and dropped

to one knee as he made the rise. He positioned the dead man's rifle against his shoulder and quickly glanced in the chamber.

Only one bullet...

The men pushed their motorbikes to the max, laughing as they drove away, cruising down the hill. Annette lay across the back of one motorbike. She screamed, her eyes wide with fear. She struggled against the cords holding her.

Davis sighted down the barrel. After a moment's hesitation, he pulled the trigger, the rifle's kick thudding into his shoulder. Annette's head snapped back and she became still. Davis dropped the rifle and stood still for a few moments. Then he started back towards the pharmacy. Perhaps he could find some insulin there.

To Be Continued...



HAMPSHIRE'S IN THE

(sung to the tune of "The Country's in the Very Best of Hands" from the Broadway musical *Lil Abner*)

Them Dakin kids and older ones
Don't seem at all alike
Hipsters, hippies, or gamers all
Some skate, some strut, some bike,
But we is in agreement,
When we get started talking politics:
Hampshire's in the very best of hands!

The best of hands
The best of hands

The Report says the standing debt
Is climbing to the sky
And mod repair expenditures
Have never been so high
It makes a fellow get a
Gleam of pride when they decide,
"Put million-dollar signs up on the land..."

by: Diana Miriam Brown, esq. **T**he recognition of my metro ticket registers on the bus machine with a little ding. I smile at the driver whose face is black as night. The door shuts and Park Avenue fades away. I walk to the back of the bus as it keeps pushing forward. I slip into an empty seat knocking an old lady, I apologize. I look out and see windows you can't help but stare at, windows so lit up. Wondering, what's going on behind those blinds? Two little girls sit in green plaid skirts. The future of the Chapin School for girls. You can always tell which institution the little princess attends

by the color of their skirt. The two can't be more than six.

They squabble over who gets to take home the Ken doll they had both snatched from another girl in their class. The irony of it all is that in ten years they will be having this exact same argument, on this very bus, except instead of plastic eyes it will involve a real flesh man, and a fight for whose body he will desecrate not whose Barbie gets a playmate. Ken sits between them his head is turned 180 degrees the wrong way and he has 1 arm raised as if to salute an invisible Hitler. As I sit there staring at his plastic pectorals

VERY BEST OF HANDS

The budget's in the very best of hands!
The School is in the very best of hands

You oughta go watch Council
When they try to pass a bill
The lack of basic candor
Just makes everything stand still
The facilitator carries the load,
She lugs the boulder up the hill...
The process? One that *no one* understands!
The Council's in the very best of hands!

Hampshire's in the very best of hands
the best of hands
the best of hands

And don't you believe them FiCom kids
Are insensitive or dumb
When you run into problems
That is tough to overcome

by: Andrew Younkins

he turns his head to face me and his eyes widen the little girls keep arguing completely unaware of the sci-fi moving going on next to them. He winks at me and smiles. His pink plastic lips begin to move and I turn my head to catch a lady in a fur coat step in her own poodle's feces. I can hear her slight shriek through the hustle and bustle of the moment.

Young black boys push and shove their way, onto the now becoming overcrowded bus. The two girls have become louder. One picks up Ken by his raised arm, the other watching in horror grabs his opposite leg. They begin to pull. I imagine the reality of things, if a real man Ken's size was being pulled by two monkeys. They tug and they tug and before anyone can stop it, the poor little man rips in half, his ribs cracking while his intestines fall out and blood splatters anything within a 5 foot radius. It is me against them. Ken's eyes plead for God's help. He mouths, "Save me". I want to not see this. I want my sanity. Where are their mothers? The black boys begin to rap in the front "my bitches my hoes, my sister my bros, I gotta fight every day, I gotta make it right" their voices soften and it sounds as if a choir of white boys are rapping poems in the front this time. I look over to the girls their becoming more and more vicious towards this inanimate object that only I can

BLUE WHALE . . .

say is alive. It looks as though his eyes have watered. "Help me". I can actually hear is low baritone voice this time. Every single bit of my entire existence had been written away by this creature.

The bus stops at Central Park west. Ken looks at the door and then at me. With the swiftness of a fox I reach for the doll, grabbing him from the prying fingers of little girls and quickly jump off the bus. The light quickly turns green and I dash across 81st. I look around and then to the man doll in my hand and run. The illumination of the planetarium reflects a blue on the whites of my sneakers. "Let's look at the stars." Ken whispers. I'm holding him by his waste. The crisp November air bites at my fingertips, I wonder if he can feel the chill through his layers of plastic.

"I'd much rather look at the sea life."

We enter through the main entrance of the natural history museum. Two constructs of dinosaur bones loom over our heads. Ken notices the giant stuffed mammoth in the distance. He wriggles himself out of my grasp and makes his naked way towards the wildlife section. For a man of his stature he is quite quick, and I'm left wondering how in the world exactly I wound up chasing plastic toys in a museum, when all I really wanted was to just go home, get high, and take a nap.

says, "They're alive."

We did down on the bench underneath the giant mammoth.

"They must be so sad." He says. "It's truly unpleasant to be locked up for that long." I look at the little man sitting next to me. "All those months stuck in that fucking box. I had to be perfectly still at all times. People were always passing by, staring at me."

"How do they stand so still?" He asks me.

"They're not real" I reply.

"What are you talking about?" he looks at me although I'm a complete lunatic.

"They're just manufactured to look real, their just for show. To demonstrate how food was hunted and gathered in the olden days."

"That's stupid. Your just not looking close enough." He

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"I know how you feel" I reply.

Again he stares at me like I'm crazy.

"You've got to be kidding me you poor little rich girl. You're fucking five feet tall. You live in NYC, you have the entire world at your little white girl finger tips and how do you choose to spend your days, sitting around feeling sorry for yourself. I know your type and really it's unattractive."

Well, fuck that little bastard. I'd kick him if I didn't know he was right.

"So Ken, is that why the only men who will talk to me are plastic?"

"Damn you. Its not Ken, its Wallace McNeil the third."

There's really not much one can say after a doll whose token name is

Ken has just told you it's really Wallace. But then again the situation was already awkward.

"Well, I'm pleased to meet you Wallace."

"Can we go see the whale now?"

I stare at primitive man once more as we exit and swear to God the mannequin holding a spear and wearing a sheep's skin winks at me.

The museum is a maze. I must thank all those childhood school field trips for allowing me to navigate my way without hesitation. There are certain moments in time when it feels like all the atoms just stopped moving, stopped fusing. Like

you can cut through the air like it were paper. Everything is so clear, yet so incredibly blurry. Happiness is sadness, and sadness is just the plain reality that things aren't what they are supposed to be. Wallace is right. My life is like a vicious cycle. I sit around and I smoke pot, and I sleep, and I get depressed because I have no energy, and then I smoke more, and I go in circles. I wonder why Wallace has chosen to run free with me when he could be getting gin on with Barbie in her dream house. So, I ask him.

"But that still doesn't explain why you're here with me right now." I tell him.

"Does it really matter? Can't you just enjoy the company?" is his response.

"Tell me."

"I saw the sadness in your eyes. You looked like you needed a friend. You didn't smile once till you saw that old lady step in dog crap."

"Barbie's a fucking slut man. I mean, hell I'd be too if I had that rack but darn it, I hate all these stupid restrictions society has placed upon us. Ken is meant with Barbie, blah blah. You know I don't even like women." I smile at him because I secretly always suspected Ken was gay.

"All those rumors are right. They got started in the late 70's when a few of us were spotted in the back corner of studio 54 with Michael Jackson. God damn, this fucking world. I mean if only I and Joe could actually show the world how much we love each other maybe then they'd be more understanding."

"G.I?" I look at him astounded.

"Shhhhhh!!! He'll lose his rank if anyone ever found out. Do you see how flawed our system is??

"I'm sorry."

"No, no, it's not your fault. You're not Mattel, and you're certainly not the U.S Government." Amen to that.

We enter the sea life room. It's sooooo blue. A giant blue

whale hangs from the ceiling. It's been my favorite since I first layed my eyes upon it, long ago. So large, so grand. So blue. Little children run around looking at the faux sea life.

you. And just imagine the possibilities. But I'm feeling sleepy my dear."

"Sleepy."

"Huh?" A tall boy who messy brown hair turns to me. "Did you say something?"

"I, uh." He looks at the doll standing by my feet. I notice the beautiful design on his messenger bag.

"I uh, asked if it was yours."

"What?"

"On your bag. That design. Is it yours?"

"Yea, I did it with a stencil."

"It's really beautiful." I bend over and pick up the naked doll. I put him in my back pack.

"My little sister can't leave the house without her dolls. Her and my mom have run off and left me to pick up after."

He smiles at me. We stand there. It's kind of awkward, but no more so then the rest of this day...

He looks at me and then to the big blue whale.

"It's my favorite." He says. "I'd always sneak away on school trips just to come to this room." I smile and realize that he has really beautiful blue eyes. They're a beautiful light shade compared to the dark blue feel of the room around us.

"Yea, me too." I respond.

"I wouldn't want to be one though. I'd get lost in that big ocean of blue."

I smile. I know what he means.



SHALIN'S ARTICLE FROM LAST ISSUE GOT TRUNCATED AND WE FEEL JUST AWFUL

by: Shalin Scupham

This post recently appeared on the daily jolt:

"Please heed this warning: all those participating in the Keg Hunt will be subject to the aggression [sic] of those that stand against this deplorable "tradition". This does not necessarily mean physical violence... it may mean anything from booby-traps to sabotage of the kegs (placement, structural integrity, [sic] etc.).... Tacit support of an alcohol industry that profits off the misery of others whilst utilizing tons of the world's grain supply for alcohol production rather than for food shall not be tolerated... many alcohol producers have horrible worker-realitions, [sic] occasionally with union-busting histories. YOU (those who participate) have no regard for your personal health. Rather than building meaningful and healthy community traditions at Hampshire, you instead choose to flock to those that center around privilege [sic] and self-harm."

Probably satirical, though by the time this is printed I guess we'll find out. Assuming it's satire, I like the pulling in of union politics and issues of class instead of just going straight puritanical. I agree that substance abuse is a big problem at Hampshire; I've seen too many people quit smoking pot for their own reasons and have to find a whole new group of

friends, just because it's the primary social activity for so many social enclaves on campus. But on the other hand, why would anybody be so self-righteous as to say that people can't get drunk with their friends in the woods in the morning? Who cares, aside from the EMT's and your friends who carry you and your vomit-encrusted outfit back to campus?

I agree that substance abuse is a big problem at Hampshire; I've seen too many people quit smoking pot for their own reasons and have to find a whole new group of friends, just because it's the primary social activity for so many social enclaves on campus

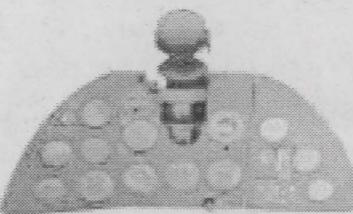
I disagree with libertarians about a lot of things, but I believe that once you no longer live with your parents, you should have the right to do whatever you want as long as it does not harm another human being against their will. If people want to sniff coke off a magazine depicting incest twins in blackface while getting an abortion and grafiting the word "fuck" on to an untravelled stairwell in a small private liberal arts college and then smoke a cigarette outside afterwards, that is their business

and I won't stop them.

We all know that smoking is bad for you and bad graffiti, particularly signed bad graffiti, is also bad; however, it's important to have those who are trying ideas that will not necessarily yield useful results. I believe in intellectual diversity above all else; I want neo-Nazis and radical feminists and old money trust-fund kids and LSD burnouts all in a room, having respectful discourse about their differences of opinion, and learning from the other's point of view.

These sorts of policy changes are what people are talking about when they speak of the "softening" of Hampshire college, the diluting of our ideals. When I interviewed for this school, I was told that most academic buildings were open 24 hours a day unsupervised while kids did crazy experiments and huffed ether in Cole Science, you were required to do an independent study in each school. I'm not saying that "we have no rights" or that I can't do more or less what I want; what I am saying is that the dominant culture at Hampshire is becoming very essentially intolerant to signs of deviance, uncleanliness, "dangerous" ideas such as conservatism or pro-globalism, etc.

Anyhow, I think this article hasn't really gone anywhere, but I would encourage all of you to be truly open minded.



THE CONTROL PANEL: VEGANS PT. 3 (FINALE!)

cially the cake – does that run out a lot? Because I don't know

I don't ever really eat the dessert food at SAGA. Like, the way SAGA just is, it's first-come first-served atmosphere and I don't see how this could possibly – it would be nice if people did this and it would be nice if people were aware of this, it makes any community run better. It just makes things run smoothly and it makes people get along better, and it prevents conflict, but I don't see just aside from talking about hit how – how

anything like this could really be solved. I mean a lot of people are going to come in and eat what they want to eat because they paid for it.

AV: Enforcement's a problem. I'm not advocating authoritarian enforcement of the issue, like crackdowns and punishment to those that don't adhere to the policy, I'm totally against all of that. I think that uh, suggestion of, uh, just awareness of "this runs out fast and it's the only option available," other routes, like talking to SAGA, there are other solutions to the problem. I don't want to reduce this whole discussion to the key issue because that's what was done on the jolt to my detriment.

KS: I realize we're short on time but I just want to pose this question: Does cake have to run out? Why do we still have finite cake?

JB: Do foods run out – espe-

cially the cake.

KS: We should not have to run out of cake.

JB: Seriously, ask them. Just like ask the people at SAGA. Like the people who work there are really nice

LR: They're intimidating...

JB: They're really nice,

LR: They made me cry today...

JB: Whenever I need soy-milk or something and it's gone they provide more. They'll go out of their way. A lot of people there will bend over backwards for you. Just ask them. They're really nice and really accommodating and they realize that people are vegan and that they're vegetarian, and they'll really work with it. They really work, you know. It's not like they put out one thing of soy-milk and when it's gone it's gone. They, they're pretty well prepared. For all the people they have to feed they're extremely well prepared I think.

KS: Plus we're one of the highest rated amongst cafeterias in the country. Accommodating for, as far as accommodating for vegetarians, so we can't complain there.

SS: I think it's done. Thanks for coming.



Did you mean: BOGO EMEW MEOW NWIM NAI OMG - OMINAOMI TWIN TIMES MOVIE

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Happy Springtime!

The author would prefer that the poem sent to you in the second message not be printed in the Omen. The author wishes to make an apology, to be placed under the photo, explaining the absence of the poem. The attached file contains the author's statement. This subtitle will provide Omen readers with comfort and peace of mind. These are quite valuable. Please, sit down. Yes, it is wonderful to relax after working for a long time. What's that? You were tending to your garden. That is wonderful. It is very therapeutic to tend to plants. Might I ask you what kind of garden you have? Oh? Vegetables are wonderful. Springtime is just around the corner. Yes, it is getting warm. You are very easy to be around. Thank you. I enjoy speaking with you about plants. Yes I suppose they are a passion of mine. Oh, plenty. Yes, many of the things I enjoy doing do not involve plants. Tell me, do you enjoy camping?

YAY FOR MEDIOCRITY!

by: Peter Grey

Ralph J. Hexter A.B., B.A., M.A., M.Phil., Ph.D: First off, I want to thank Hampshire College for selecting me as the next President. I'd like to remind everyone that while I have no experience whatsoever running a college on an administrative level, and have really no understanding of how Hampshire works, or any alternative school for that matter, that I am indeed - wicked, insanely, and indeed ridiculously over educated.

Students and Concerned Alumni: What about your ability to administrate and fundraise for a cash-strapped institution?

Ralph J. Hexter A.B., B.A., M.A., M.Phil., Ph.D: I may have no idea how to fundraise, indeed I show no understanding at all of this green stuff people call money - I mean look at what I've studied, no relevance whatsoever except in educating the next generation of useless overly intellectual ineffectual people! I feel it also important to point out I know the correct way to lay siege to any kind of fortification. When looked at from the right angle the ability to correctly and decisively lay a siege is much like running some weird little alternative college!

Hampshire Trustees: *Nod heads furiously, rubbing their own egos*

Concerned Students and Trustees: How do you plan to address many of the problems facing Hampshire students both with the current academic systems...

Ralph J. Hexter A.B., B.A., M.A., M.Phil., Ph.D: I feel I have

a very unique perspective with my A.B from Harvard in English, that's Magna cum Laude! I also was the head of the oldest fraternity in the country - Phi Beta Kappa! I hold all sorts of fancy two-letter titles from other prestigious institutions: B.A and an M.A from Corpus Christi College and Oxford in Classics both classics and Modern Languages, respectively. And am M.Phil and Ph.D from Yale in comparative literature! I've also written countless exceedingly, intellectual books that no one has ever read. Let's not forget about my numerous other literary contributions to other, often in charitable collaborations with my intellectual inferiors in journal articles and book chapters! Additionally, I not only pronounce "Yber" correctly but deservedly give it its umlaut! But let's not stray too far, I'm a down to earth guy, besides being insanely smarter than you'll ever be, I enjoy long walks on beaches, playing frisbee with my pomeranians - Percivale and Bedivere, and lecturing frequently at scholarly conferences, and having pretend tea parties with my favorite bizarre taxiderminist animal hybrids that I love collecting! I also am a nice fellow who talks to animals and loves all of our animal brothers and sisters. I also have compassion for our great mother: earth, and to our green allies which sustain and embrace us with their chlorophyllic love. I also enjoy a good frolic now and then!

Hippies: *Gasping in between hits* This guy is so

rad! RE-RAD, GET IT?

Vegans: *Sit looking sickly and feebly and try to raise their arms in approval, but faint from anemia and malnutrition*

EcoFreaks: (They are too busy communing in nature in weird ways, they didn't even attend the meeting.)

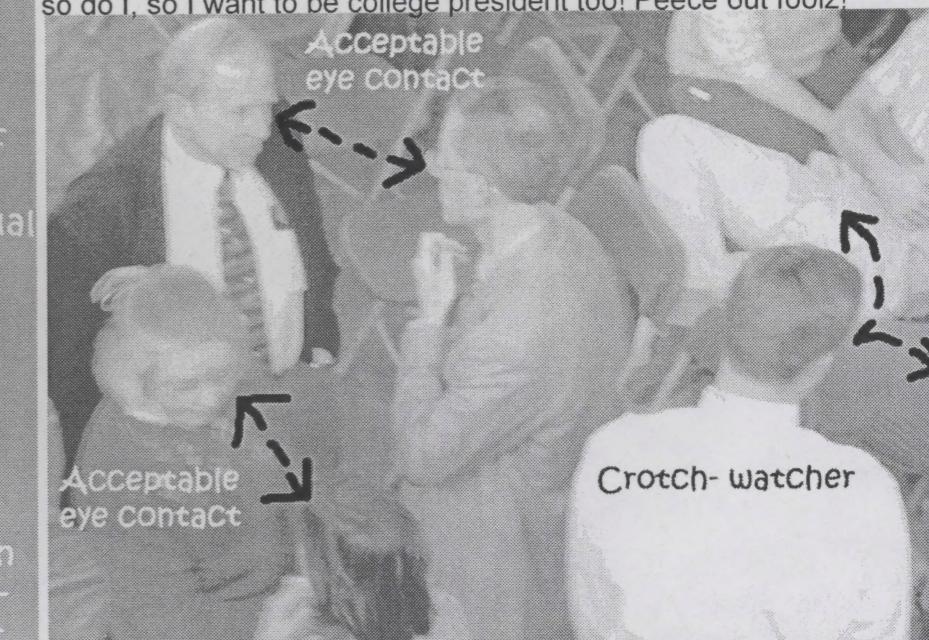
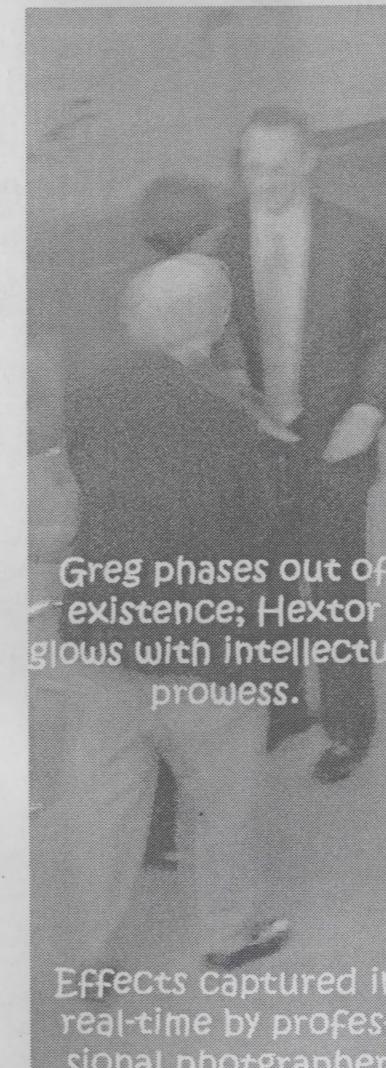
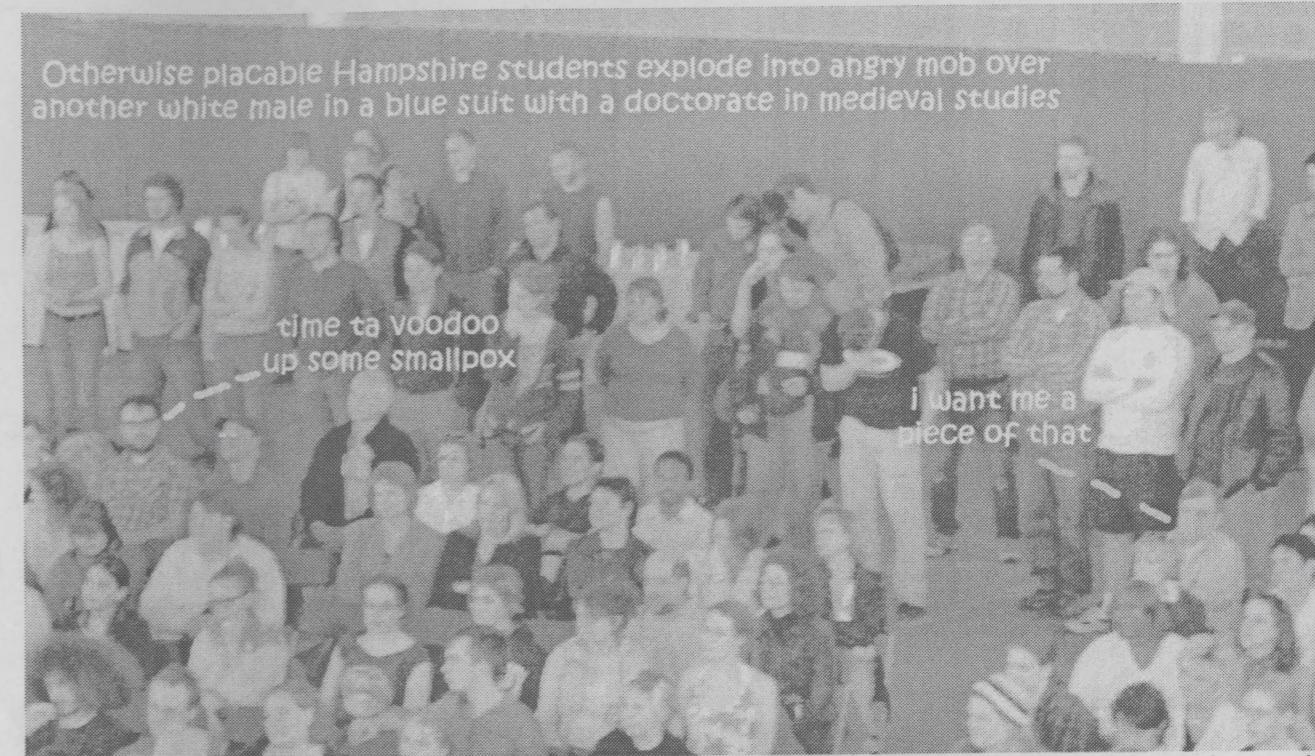
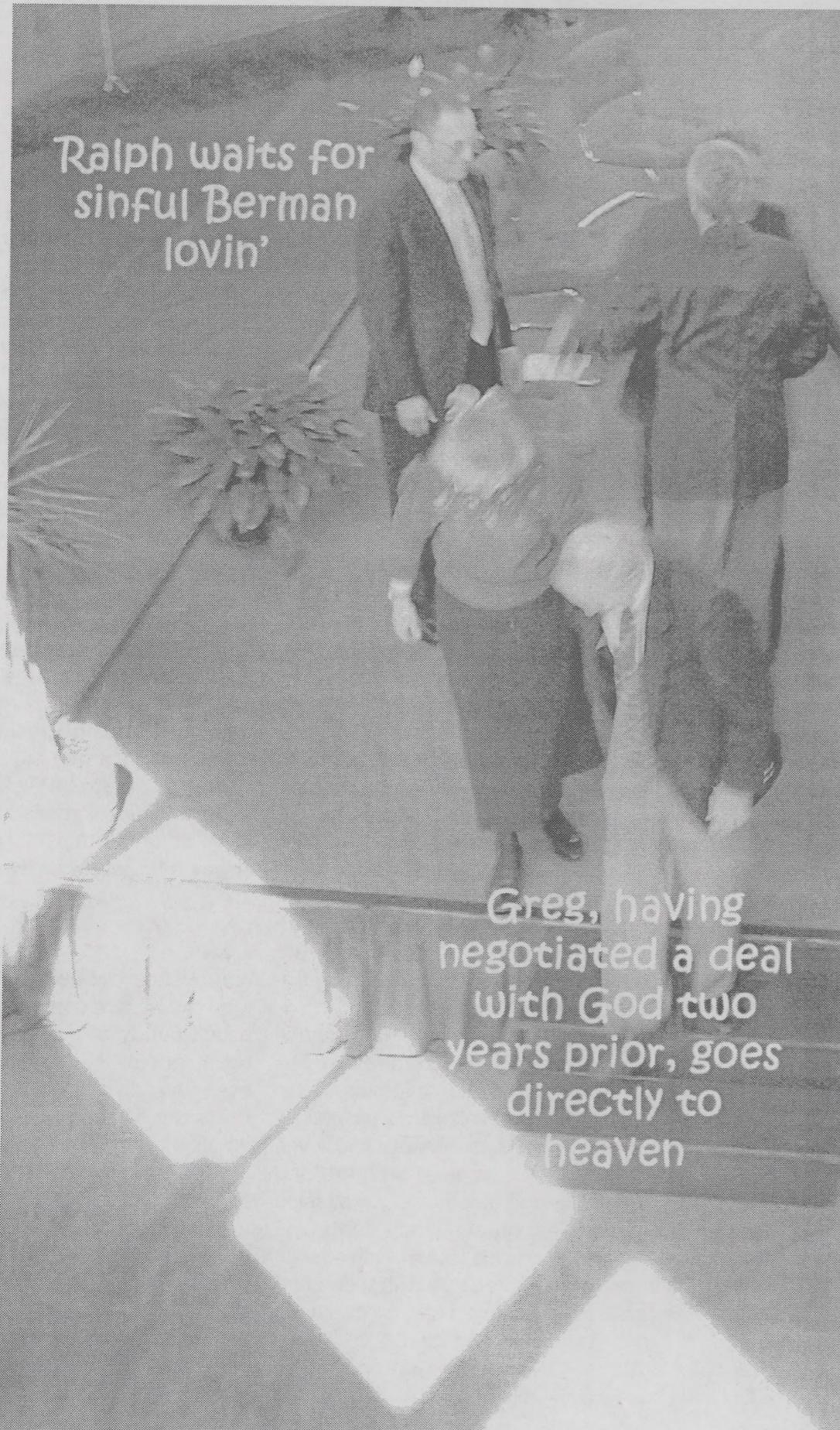
Concerned Students: How would the trustees respond to the accusation that student input was not taken into account as Candidate C, Mr. Hexter, was by far the least popular candidate among students?

Hampshire Trustees: He may seem like a stuffy Ivy League educated intellectual with absolutely no real skills applicable or even vaguely relevant to being President of Hampshire, but that couldn't be further from the truth! We'd like to take this point to remind Hampshire students that Mr. Hexter is gay. Moreover, Mr. Hexter is openly gay and his partner's name is Manfred Kollmeier, and we feel very strongly this made him best candidate. Not only is Manfred an awesome name for a butt-buddy of our President, but it makes Hampshire look better having a gay intellectual President. Thank you all for your input!

Meeting ends

Reminder: This is a SPOOF. A lovingly crafted, exaggerated, biased, silly, and not-to-be-taken-seriously work. Do NOT be offended for I shall not care as IT IS A JOKE

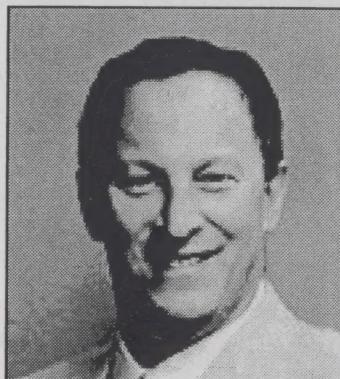




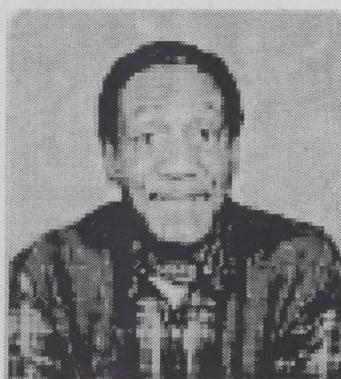
MR. HEXTER VS. MR. HUCKSTABLE: A FEW OF THEIR FAVORITE THINGS. . .

We here at The Omen like comparing people whose names share in the joy of a phoenetic 'x'. Unfortunately such an occassion comes to us but once every 11 years or so, and thus we thank our lucky stars for the opportunity to dig-dug our way into the subconscious of these veritable paragons of manhood.

Cartoon Super-Hero



Mighty Max



Hong-Kong-Phooie

Mixed Drink

Sex on the Beach

Cognac with Cognac

Movie

Birth of a Nation

This is Spinal Tap!

Eupemism for Sex

Afternoon tapas

Flossing the 'gina

Mastbatory Aid

Asiago Cheese

Chocolate Cake

Poet

Ovid

Shel Silverstein

Gameshow

Legend of the Hidden Temple

The Price is Right

Will Smith Movie

Men in Black

Bad Boyz II

Body Part

Fornix

Nasal Conchae

Planet

Neptune

The Moon

Element

Water

Fluoride

Snow-Creature to Build

GQ Model

Snowcone

Gangsta Rap Album

NWA - Straight Outta Compton

Ice Cube - AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted

CEO

Martha Stewart

Ted Turner

Colour

Mink

Burgundy

Choose Your Own Adventure

The Lost Jewels of Nabouti **

Same

Hairstyle

Beehive

David Hasslehoff

** Sadly, this is a rather weak entry in the series. The writing is sub-par and the story is trite. But far be it for us to judge these men's taste